

Bobby's Christmas Eve Dream



The MEANING OF CHRISTMAS

BY REV. T. B. GREGORY

IT for its great days, incarnating and flashing forth the ideal, humanity would have no more history than a flock of sheep.

Such days are the monuments of mental and spiritual achievement, the eternal reminders of the only true progress—the progress that enables us to perceive and admire the moral sublime.

Conspicuously radiant among these gala days is the Christmas, standing as it does for the nativity of One who, all theological ruminations aside, was the living embodiment of the most beautiful and, at the same time, the most helpful manhood that this world has ever seen.

The one who is foremost in our thoughts at this time was pre-eminently helpful. From the hour when he swept his hand there came no pessimistic strain, no note of despair.

He gave us the gospel, the "Glad Tidings." To all his word was "Be not afraid." The Supreme in whose embrace he ever rested, like the babe in his mother's arms, was supreme love. Hence that other word of his, which he was so fond of repeating to the multitude, "Let not your hearts be troubled."

Religion, so-called, is responsible for a vast amount of mental misery. It has created many a mind, broken many a heart, driven countless thousands into the throes of despair, but let it be remembered that the Beautiful One who is commemorated in the Christmas season authorized no man, or combination of men, to speak in his name the word of gloom.

He who was born in Bethlehem, or in Nazareth, for it makes no difference where he first saw the light of earth, grew up to be the most uncompromising optimist that ever walked the ways of earth. Wherever he went, along with him went life and courage and joy into the cheerless, sorrowing world to which he came.

And he was able to do this because he was so gloriously hopeful, so staunchly committed to the belief in the best.

Looking up, he saw, instead of the "black, bottomless eyesocket," the living, loving glance of the "Father," whose "eternal goodness" never would do him harm.

Looking ahead, this man saw no specks or bogies, no devils or fiends in the way. The path was clear, and over it hung no dark clouds of impending disaster.

If Jesus had written a poem we may be sure that it would have been very similar to Whittier's:

I know not where his lands lie
That fringed palm in air;
I only know I cannot drift
Beyond his love and care.

And so beside the silent sea
I wait the untroubled hour
No harm can come from him to me
On ocean or on shore.

Now it is just this sort of spirit that every one should feel within the soul at this Christmas time—the spirit of a brave trustfulness, of a rock-like confidence and hope.

Be not afraid of anything. To be afraid is to be a sham, a cringing mental, a nobody; while to be able to believe in the best and to trust that, no matter what our evil genius may suggest to the contrary, the light awaits us on ahead, is to be a hero and a conqueror, a friend and helper to all mankind.

It is well, then, that in obedience to old custom we should throw about the Christmas season the part-colored mantle or joy and wreath it with the heart's most exuberant gladness.

It would be a shame not to be glad, and not to try to make everybody else glad, on Christmas day.

On Christmas day to be a cynic and

to curl the lip of scorn at sight of the rosy festivities about us, would be an unpardonable crime, the very abyss of the mean and contemptible.

It is a part of the unwritten law of every healthful heart that when Christmas comes we are to "put our best foot forward," cast all care to the winds and be as full of gladness and good will as an egg is of meat.

And right here is this unconquerable optimism we find the only true and genuine Christianity. The one whose birth the Christmas signifies came to replace tears by smiles, sorrow by happiness, worry by confidence and despair by the "hope that maketh not ashamed," and in his name I wish you all a "Merry Christmas!"—not merely an abundance of turkey and plum pudding, but an extra abundance of "good will to men," with no lack of the disposition and resolve to make everything else as happy as yourselves.

A CHRISTMAS SONG

Now thrice welcome, Christmas,
Which brings us good cheer,
Merry glad and glad portage,
Good ale and strong beer;
With pig, goose and capon,
The best that may be;
So well do the weather
And our stomachs agree.

Observe how the chimneys
Do smoke all about,
The coals are providing
For dinner, no doubt;
But those on whose tables
No victuals appear,
Oh, may they keep Lent
All the rest of the year!

With holly and ivy
So green and so gay,
We deck up our houses
As fresh as the day,
With hays and rosemary,
And laurel complete,
And everyone now
Is a king in conceit.

But as for curmudgeons
Who will not be free,
I wish they may die
On the three-and-a-half tree.
—Poor Robin's Almanac for 1868.

To Dolly

He was like the wonderful river in the sea, warming and encouraging all that he touched. The Gulf Stream of humanity he put new life and courage and joy into the cheerless, sorrowing world to which he came.

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The KITCHEN CABINET

GOOD THINGS FOR CHRISTMAS.

When the north wind taps at my case—
And the fields are bare and brown,
When out from the sudden leaden sky,
Stray snow flakes flutter down,
What care I then for the shadows,
That the roads are deep in mire?
I've a comrade true in my home to-night,
The light of my open fire.

The following cakes and cookies are too good to last. Christmas would not be Christmas without plenty of cakes. It is a wise plan to do some of the Christmas baking in advance, as many cakes and cookies are better when a few days old.

White House Pound Cake.—This is a favorite of President Wilson's. Chop the peel of one lemon and work it into a pound of butter until the latter is very creamy; add a pound of sugar, and continue beating for ten minutes. Blend with this the yolks of nine eggs and the juice of five lemons, beating for another ten minutes. Add to this mixture a quarter of a pound each of stoned raisins, currants, chopped cherries, seedless raisins, and mixed peel cut into shreds; then fold in gradually the whites of the eggs, a pound of wheat flour, a quarter of a pound of rice flour and an ounce of baking powder. Put into a greased and buttered tin and bake in a slow oven nearly three hours.

Honey Doughnuts.—The doughnut crock must be well filled at holiday time. Doughnuts made of honey may be cooked in advance of Christmas, and will keep soft, which the sugar ones will not do. Take two eggs, one and one-half cups of honey, one cup of sugar, one cup of flour, one cup of milk, three tablespoons of melted shortening, one teaspoonful of soda, three cups of cream of tartar; add a little salt. Roll as soft as possible and fry in hot fat.

Spice Cookies.—Cream one-third of a cup of butter and add half a cup of sugar, one cup of molasses in which has been dissolved one teaspoonful of soda. Then add three and a half cups of flour, cinnamon, cloves and nutmeg to taste and add a half cup of raisins, currants and chopped almonds. A few chopped almonds are an improvement. When well mixed, drop by spoonfuls on buttered tins and sprinkle with sugar.

A plain white cookie recipe may be divided and a part used with spice and fruit, with another part covered with melted chocolate, and one part left plain, making a variety of cakes from one recipe.

TASTY DISHES.

Thrill is steady earning, wise spending, sane saving, careful investing, and the avoidance of waste.

"Be what ye is, not what ye ain't, because if ye is what ye ain't, ye ain't what ye is."

In olden times it was believed that all nature testified in various ways to a recognition of the great event commemorated in the celebration of Christmas. The winds and seas, as well as the animals and plants and all other living things, gave evidence of knowledge of the approaching glorious anniversary and became imbued with the prevalent spirit of adoration, joy and peace.

Tradition tells us that at the moment of the Saviour's birth a universal peace reigned throughout the earth, that a deep silence rested upon the world, the birds stopped in their flight, the cattle ceased to feed, men became motionless with sudden awe in the midst of their labors, and the stars glittered with added lustre. From this tradition came the superstitions of the middle ages relating to the miraculous phenomena supposed to occur annually at Christmas, many of which still survive.

Bells, too, have their legends. In a village near Raleigh, in Nottinghamshire, England, there is now a valley where once there was a picturesque and prosperous village, but an earthquake swallowed it up; yet every Christmas since, the bells of the buried church are heard chiming.

Similar tales are told of Preston, in Lancashire, and Been, in the Netherlands. This latter city was famed for its beauty and magnificence, and also for the sins and avarice of its inhabitants. On the anniversary of his birth, the Saviour came as a beggar and went from door to door, but, although Christmas festivities were being kept up, nobody would give him alms. Sin was abundant on all sides, but there were no Christmas goodwill and charity, and he called to the sea and it came and completely covered the unhappy city of Been. But at Christmas time even now comes the joyous pealing of bells from under the water.

SIMPLE WANTS

My wants are few and simple,
I'm not a grasping man;
I ask of Santa kindly
To do just what he can.
In prompting gifts for Christmas
My wishes are not few;
In fact my thoughts are modest,
My needs are very few.

My friends, I would not tax them
But 'twould not be a jar
If they'd decide to give me
A brand new motor car.
And as a change most pleasant,
When packed snow flies the way,
I'd not think of refusing
A new and natty sleigh.

A fur-lined coat, I'd take it
Without a fuss or stir,
And of cigars some boxes
At fifty or so per.
A few more such like presents
I'd take without a qual,
For, as I just have mentioned,
My wants are plain and few.

Tomorrow's Christmas, Dolly, dear,
So off to bed we'll go.
I'll hang our socks upon the shelf
For Father Christmas, though!
Don't try to keep awake, my dear,
But shut your eyes up tight.
If we're awake, he is so shy,
He's sure to take to flight.

On Christmas day to be a cynic and

COOKERY FOR THE CONVALESCENT.

Economy and variety may perfectly well go together. The better the cook, the greater the economy. Economy means getting full value for the expenditure, whether it is money or time.

In the majority of homes the care of the sick falls upon the people in the home as one cannot always get a nurse or pay for one.

The greatest care should be taken in the selection and care of food for the sick. The first requisite is cleanliness. The patient should have as much of a variety as possible, as those who are ill have poor appetites and tire of sameness in food much sooner than those who are well.

The physician's orders should always be followed and no new food should be introduced without first inquiring of the doctor. Those recovering from fever have an abnormal appetite which cannot be satisfied with safety. Many have lost their lives by being allowed some food which was craved, but which the patient could not digest.

The liquid diet may be varied in such a manner that it never becomes monotonous. In beginning a more solid diet care should be taken to have the change very gradual.

Chicken Panada.—Remove the skin and every particle of fat from the breast of a chicken. If the fowl is large one half of the breast will be sufficient. Place in a saucepan with enough water to cover and simmer slowly for two hours, or until the meat is very tender. Take it from the broth and cut it into small pieces, then press through a sieve, using a large spoon. Add the broth to the chicken, season to taste with a bit of salt. Add four tablespoons of cream and bring to the boiling point. Serve in a pretty bowl with crisp bits of toast cut in fancy shapes.

Meat Pate.—Scrape with a small tin spoon a piece of beef cut from the round. This removes the tender meat fibers and leaves the connecting tissue which is tough and hard to digest. Press the scraped beef into a flat cake and broil in a smoking hot pan or toast on a fork over coals. Season it to taste before making it up into balls. Serve on triangles of toast garnished with parsley.

DAINTY DISHES FOR OCCASIONS.

To save money by going without necessities is bad economy, but to waste money by going without necessities is worse economy. The wealth of our country and the wealth of the world.—American Cookery.

The following dishes are like "leisure, a splendid garment, but fit for constant wear."

Chicken Fillets.—Remove the fillets, carefully from the breast of the fowl, sprinkle with salt, pepper and a dash of cayenne. Dip in olive oil, and cook in a hot pan until delicate and brown. Add to the pan one cup of cream, and bring to the boil. When hot thicken with two tablespoons of flour rubbed to a paste with an equal quantity of cream or olive oil. Stir until the sauce boils, then add one-half cup of thinly sliced almonds.

Currant Jelly Sauce for Game.—Slice one onion and cook in three tablespoons of butter until just brown. Add two tablespoons of flour, one bay leaf and a sprig of celery; stir until smooth. Add one pint of good-seasoned stock, simmer for one hour. Strain, skim off the fat, add one-half cup of currant jelly and stir over fire until melted.

Sweetbreads With Orange Sauce.—Cover sweetbreads with ice water, with a tablespoonful of vinegar added. Let stand one hour. With a sharp knife cut in cubes or slices and brown in a buttered saucepan. Serve with the following sauce: One cup of brown stock, thickened with two tablespoons of flour mixed with two tablespoons of bubbling hot butter. Add to this one-half tablespoonful of minutes, strain, skim off the fat, add one-half cup of currant jelly and stir over fire until melted.

Browned Chestnuts.—Use the large Italian chestnuts. With a sharp knife make two incisions at right angles to each other through the shell on one side of each nut. Cover with boiling water and let cook for half an hour. Drain, and keep hot while removing the shell and thin inner skin. Cook in a little hot fat until nicely browned. Turn out, drain and sprinkle lightly with salt.

String Beans.—Drain a can of string beans and season with chopped bacon and the hot fat, also a dash of vinegar and chopped onion, with salt and pepper to taste. Serve hot.

NEELI MAXWELL

WORLD'S SMALLEST VIOLIN.

Perfect in every detail, and so small it will fit within a space covered by two half crowns laid side by side, London now boasts of having the smallest fiddle in the world. It was made by the well-known violinist, B. Vandermonden, and is exquisitely constructed as to scale. The exact measurements are: Violin body, 1 1/16 inches; violin, over all, 2 1/2 inches; bow, 3 9/16 inches.—Philadelphia Record.

Did She Mean Just That?
"I want you to forget that I told you I didn't mean what I said about not taking back my refusal to change my mind. I've been thinking it over, and I've decided that I was wrong in the first place." The Man—"You don't really mean that, do you, Dolly?"—London Mail.

Two Countries' Wheat Production.

THE DESERT'S SILENCE.

No quality of nature is more absolutely fulfilled than the desert's silence. Even the sea, with all its mystery, fails to keep her secrets as the sifting, sifting sands. And with the cool of the desert nights the heavens are uncovered as nowhere else. The wonderful desert night, when the hot sands turn cool and the heavens are revealed in their perfect glory and rest, the perfect rest of that eternal quiet which succors the soul.—R. S. Carroll.

What She Was Making Up.
Virginia had been out the night before, and looked tired, so mother suggested she stay in. When John came down from her room mother said: "Well, is sister making up her mind to stay in?" He replied: "None. She's makin' up her face to go out."

Emotions of the Inanimate.

Making Merry With Others

By ELEDA LEDMAN

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MISS HOLLISTER glanced up from her paper, "That's pretty good advice," she murmured as she read the words once again.

"The custom of forgetting oneself and making merry with others and for others is a wise and wholesome one," "I believe I'll stroll along the streets to see if I can't find someone equally lonely."

Suiting the action to the words, Miss Hollister donned her coat and left the house, calling to the maid, "Probably I'll bring home some guests for dinner."

Looking along the street for someone to share her loneliness she spied a young girl walking listlessly along, apparently without any destination, as if she had missed altogether the joyous meaning of the holiday.

"Merry Christmas," she said putting her hand forward. The girl passed on a second, and then repeated, "Merry Christmas," adding, "It may be merry for you but not for me."

"Why are you so lonely on such a glorious day?" said Miss Hollister, "the air just seems to tingle with radiant light."

"It seems strange to tell one's troubles to a stranger, but I left home because I thought I could sing, and I have been unsuccessful in my attempt, and I am too proud to let the folks know. When I think of the tree at home—the turkey dinner, and only myself missing, I just can't bear it." Her big blue eyes filled with tears.

"Cheer up, girl! No one can enjoy a Christmas day alone. You can only have a merry Christmas if others share it with you. Let's celebrate together. I have a dinner already prepared, but no guests."

"Let's find one or two others equally lonely, and maybe we can all get together and have a good time. Maybe we have something in common. I left home years ago because I thought I could write something worth better. But the only real human interest is not in books and magazines, but all around us."

"But," questioned the girl, "can you go to strangers just like that?" with a wave of the hand.

"Hardly. One must be moved by the Christmas spirit. Look at that man over there, staring at that doll in the window."

The man turned at the sound of her voice and asked: "Pardon me, do you know any little girl who would just like to have a doll?"

You know any little girl who would just like to have a doll? There must be hundreds of little girls just aching for one. That doll is the counterpart of a picture my partner has on his of a face—dark curls, blue eyes and all. That picture has been a mascot to me, and I would love to buy the doll. But I missed my train, and I am acquainted in the city. Talk about a bachelor being lonely, at Christmas! Why, Christmas in a big city alone—never, never again for me."

Miss Hollister's face beamed with pleasure. "You are just the person we want. We will form a triple alliance of home-bred lonelies. You just come along to my place, it's only around the corner, and share my Christmas dinner. Christmas is really the children's day, so let's just pretend we are children again and don't need any introduction. Just 'come-on over'."

"My name is Merton, and I think you must be Mrs. Santa Claus."

Surprise in Store for Santa.

Jack—We've put the chest of drawers in front of the fireplace.

Harold—Yes.

Jack—You tied the string to the handle of the door?

Harold—Yes; and I tied the other end of the string to the water-jug.

Jack—Then we ought to find out the real facts about Santa Claus.

New and Old Books.

In science, read, by preference, the newest works; in literature, the oldest. The classic literature is always modern. New books revive and re-decorate old ideas; old books suggest and invigorate new ideas.—Bulwer Lytton.

Face the Truth.

As courage and intelligence are the two qualities best worth a good man's cultivation, so it is the first part of intelligence to recognize our present estate in life, and the first part of courage to be not at all abashed before the fact.—Stevenson.

Lame Sickness

An investigation of the South African disease known as lamikette, or lame sickness, suggests that it is due to a special plant poison that is generated under abnormal conditions in grasses or other plants that are normally harmless. Its development seems to be associated with unusual weather and soil conditions of which summer drought is important. Through such conditions, willing would favor

"No, I'm not; I'm Miss Hollister, and this is Miss—"
"Aiken," interrupted the girl.
"Why, my partner's name is Aiken, and I was on my way to join him at his mother's house."
"You mean, Thomas Aiken?"
"Sure enough!"
"Oh, he is my brother."
"Well, I declare! Then surely I must buy that doll for your sister. Doesn't it look like her?"
"I haven't any little sister. That must have been my picture when I was a little girl."
"I don't understand why you are here, Miss Aiken, but you are going to take the next train with me to your mother's home. You have lost that 'baby-doll' expression. How strange that the little picture girl and you should be the same. Why, one of the inducements that Jack offered me was that his sister would be home for Christmas. I'll run in and buy that doll, and then we will proceed to Miss Hollister's."

As they entered Miss Hollister's apartment, they uttered a cry of surprise, for standing in the middle of the room was a child.

"Why, here's just the one we are looking for. Here's a beautiful doll for you!"

"John!" She Added in Great Astonishment.
"Look, little one!" said Miss Hollister.
"Boys don't want dolls," cried the girl, "they want soldiers and guns, and steam cars, and—"
"But why are you dressed like a little girl?"
"Because my father don't know any better. He left me home alone on Christmas, so I just came in here—the turkey smelled so good!"
Suddenly a voice was heard, full of anxiety, asking: "Is my boy here?"
"Yes," said Miss Hollister; "come right in."
"John!" she added in great astonishment.
"Yes, Mary," said the man; "to think I have found you after all these years! My wife died last year, and this is all I have," he said, pointing to the boy "Mary, is it too late for you to take both of us for a Christmas present?"
"How wonderful! This Christmas was so lonely, and now it is so full of happiness. I had always hoped for a chance to explain everything, but when I heard you were married, I thought there was no chance."
"Come! Let's all go in to dinner and take it over!"
"Yes," said Mr. Merton, "I was just telling Miss Aiken that when we know each other better, maybe I will give John's sister something better than a doll."

"Take it from me, Miss Aiken," said Mr. Merton, "the best is yet to be, and Christmas bells as well as wedding bells, may ring out the same merry tune for all of us."

"To be able to sing or write may be all right, Miss Aiken, but I think to write the words 'wife' or 'mother' after one's name is more important than writing the best sellers ever written," added Miss Hollister.

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formation of the poison, and the disease results from eating wilted plants.

Simple Diet.

The late poet is said to have lived on a very simple diet, as simple as that of the poorest tradesman. In the morning he drank a cupful of coffee, at noon he took a little soup and meat, and for supper vegetable and meat. His favorite food was the Italian national dish, polenta.

MURINE

Right and Morn'g.
Have Strong, Healthy Eyes. If they tire, itch, burn, smart or burn, if sore, irritated, inflamed or granulated, use Murine. Soothes, Refreshes, Safe for instant relief. Ask your Druggist or Write for Free Eye Book. Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago.

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Standard cold remedy for 20 years in tablet form—safe, sure, reliable—breaks up a cold in 24 hours—relieves grip in 3 days. Money back if it fails. The genuine bottle has a Red top with Mr. Hill's picture.
At All Drug Stores

THE "BLUES" Caused by Acid-Stomach

Millions of people who worry, are despondent, have spells of mental depression, feel blue and are often melancholy, believe that these conditions are due to outside influences over which they have little or no control. Nearly always, however, they can be traced to an internal source—acid-stomach. Nor is it to be wondered at, for the stomach, being with such well defined symptoms as indigestion, belching, flatulency, bloating, etc., will, if not checked, in time affect the nervous system, becoming deranged. Digestion suffers. The body is weakened. The victim of acid-stomach, although he may not know the cause of his ailments, feels his hope, courage, ambition and energy slipping. And truly life is darkened, world's work is a man or woman who has acid-stomach!

Get rid of it! Don't let acid-stomach hold you back, wreck your health, make your days miserable, make you a victim of the "blues" and gloomy thoughts! There is a marvelous modern remedy called EATONIC that brings out such quick relief from your stomach troubles—restores your strength, vigor, vitality, enthusiasm and good cheer. So use this EATONIC, the great stomach cure. Have used EATONIC with such marvellous results that you are sure to get relief. Feel the same way if you will just use it. Get a big 50 cent box of EATONIC—the good tasting tablets that you get like a bit of candy—from your druggist today. He will return your money if you are not even more than you expect.

EATONIC (FOR YOUR ACID-STOMACH)

When
your mouth tastes like a pool of acid, if things you've eaten mixed together, then you need Beecham's Pills.
Pills. Your mouth is a good indicator of the condition of stomach and bowels.

BEECHAM'S PILLS

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POSITIVELY REMOVED BY Dr. Ross's Freckle Remover. 25c. per bottle. 50c. per box. 100c. per box. 250c. per box. 500c. per box. 1000c. per box. 2500c. per box. 5000c. per box. 10000c. per box. 25000c. per box. 50000c. per box. 100000c. per box. 250000c. per box. 500000c. per box. 1000000c. per box. 2500000c. per box. 5000000c. per box. 10000000c. per box. 25000000c. per box. 50000000c. per box. 100000000c. per box. 250000000c. per box. 500000000c. per box. 1000000000c. per